

Falling Down, Kneeling and Bleeding

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Summary: The thought of losing him was always unbearable, even if he didn't show it. Seeing him bleeding and slipping away from him though was worse than any pain he had ever felt. "I love you." hangs in the air, and Dean can't breathe.

Falling Down, Kneeling and Bleeding

Hello! I wrote a death fic againâ€¦ I'm so sorryâ€¦ I was listening to "Tears of an Angel" while doing so, but I wouldn't recommend it. It was quite painful.

Anyway, again a huge thank you to my beta ForeverShippingJohnlock! And my beautiful friend MyLovelyMarauder for always being there for me, and supporting me.

Disclaimer: Iâ€¦ I don't own anythingâ€¦ I'm highly disappointed but I won't give up trying!

Sooo, off with the story!

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><p>He's slipping away once again. The pair of blue eyes start to lose their light, slowly becoming duller and duller. He struggles for a breath, his lungs failing him. Dean watches helplessly as his angel fights hard, oh so hard, to stay alive, if only for his sake. It's a battle that's meant to be lost though, and Dean knows it, even if he wishes he didn't. That doesn't stop the tears from running though, staining the trench-coat and blurring his vision. Dean holds him tight as his last moments on earth are coming to an end.<p>

His attempts to speak are making matters worse, and Dean shushes him, knowing full well that he'll never hear his angel's voice again. Cas of course, being the stubborn bastard he always is, tries to speak, not caring about Dean's protests, desperate as he is to get what he

wants out before it's too late.

"Dean I-" he rasps, using all the strength he has left in his body, "I love you." He whispers and Dean is shocked and furious and desperate and frightened and devastated, because the angel fucking _loves him back. _"Cas-" comes out the broken whisper. His voice is shaking and his body is too, but he doesn't care, he doesn't care about anything right now. "From the very first time I laid eyes on you. The brightest of them all." Cas continues and the broken sob that comes out of Dean doesn't really surprise the hunter.

Had he known. Had he known Cas felt that way about him, he wouldn't have tried to hide his feelings, he would have finally gotten a chance at happiness.

"The brightest of them all," Cas whispers again and a small, content but also empty smile graces his lips, as his last strength is used to sit up a little and press his bloody lips to Dean's, the most wonderful and painful thing they have ever felt.

As Dean opens his eyes, he is greeted with the lifeless body of his best friend, of his love. He shakes the angel hard screaming curses to the angel, to himself, to the heavens above, to the whole world. His screams at him to come back, to opens his eyes, and with each word a part of himself dies.

"Come on you stupid feathery bastard. Come on, wake up, nobody's laughing. Castiel!" he says again and again. "Casâ€¦please come back to meâ€¦please don't leave me alone in this fucked up world, I need youâ€¦please..." he whispers after a while, and it has gotten to the point where he has to force the words out, his throat too dry to even breathe.

But Cas doesn't answer, he doesn't wake up. Because he's not sleeping. It's then that Dean realizes; he won't hear again that gravelly voice that managed to both cause a shiver run down his spine and make him feel safe, he won't see those unique blues light up with happiness at the sight of children playing or Dean smiling. He won't, ever again, feel Cas' warmth, Cas' beating heart, Cas' gentle touch that made him feel at home, like he belonged.

He won't have the opportunity to kiss each and every spot on Cas' body, to run his hands through his soft hair, to see him with that smile plastered on his face that he reserved only for Dean. He won't ever get the chance to tell him just how much he meant to him.

A few days ago Dean could see it. He could see a hopeful future, where they had defeated the Darkness and had settled down to live normal lives. He could see himself returning from work and being greeted by his angel with a huge joyous smile and a sweet kiss on the lips. He could see himself teaching Cas everything he needed to know about humanity. Teaching him how to cook with Cas burning the food and possibly his hand too resulting in Dean kissing him and trying to take the pain away. Teaching him all about pop culture, sitting him on the couch to watch all Star Wars movies, every Star Trek there was and all seasons of Doctor Sexy. He could see himself snuggled on the sofa in front of the TV, his fingers stroking Cas' hands as he laid his head on the angel's chest, hearing his steady heartbeat, lulling him to sleep while the other continued to watch with the fascination of a child, eager to learn about everything around him. He could see

himself, as girly as it seemed, being carried to their bedroom and Cas placing him on their bed, tugging him in and kissing his forehead whispering, "Angels are watching over you." The angel would then move closer to place Dean in his protective arms, shielding him from everything. He could see the two of them walking to the park, hands clasped together, both wearing the brightest smiles on their faces. He could see himself being insulted by an arrogant jerk and Cas intervening, defending him and pretty much telling the guy to fuck off in a very Castiel way.

A few days ago Dean could see it. A future, a life, a love.

Now, as his hands stroke the angel's hair, the only thing he sees is his dreams being crushed into millions of pieces.

Now the only thing he sees is death and this time he can't handle it that well, he can't hide it. He never got to say all the things he wanted to. He never got to say to him that he was beautiful, that he was his sun, his whole world, the only thing that kept him away from the edge, the only thing that could completely destroy him or fix him.

He never got to say, he never got to touch, he never got to feel a little more, he never got to have his happy ending.

The wings have burnt the floor below and Dean too, but Dean hasn't even acknowledged the pain. The one in his heart, in his soul, is far greater. It won't stop being that way, as every time he looks in the mirror he will remember.

"I hate you," he says, when he actually means the opposite. He bends down and presses his lips to the angel's forehead, closing firmly his eyes and clenching his fists on the fabric of the trench-coat.

As he opens them, the world has lost its color, seemingly grey and black. Gently, he picks the body up, cradling it against his chest and goes to find Sam. They have a hunter's funeral to hold.

And as the body burns in front of the two brothers, Dean crumbles to the ground.

He's not sure he will get back up.

* * *

><p>Soooo, that's it guys. Please tell me what you think, I love reviews!<p>

Byeeee,

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End
file.